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EXCHANGE-ALLEY:

OR, THE

Stock-Jobber turn'd Gentleman.

A TRAGI-COMICAL

F A R C E.



Price Six Pence.

EXCHANGE-ALLEY

EXCHANGE-ALLEY

OF THE

Stock-Exchange

JACOB



E A C E

EXCHANGE-ALLEY

Line Six

EXCHANGE-ALLEY:

OR, THE

Stock-Jobber turn'd Gentleman;

WITH THE

H U M O U R S

OF OUR

MODERN PROJECTORS.

A TRAGI-COMICAL

F A R C E.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the GENTLEMEN daily attending at
JONATHAN'S *Coffee-House*.

*So Cheats to Play with those still Aim,
That do not understand the Game. Hud.*

L O N D O N;

Printed for T. BICKERTON, at the *Crown*
in *Pater-noster Row*. 1720.

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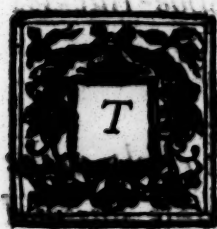
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T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Whim of the Stocks in this Kingdom is of late so far cultivated and improv'd, from a foreign Example, that one might reasonably conclude, the numerous Inhabitants of this great Metropolis, had for the most part deserted their Stations, Businesses, and Occupations ; and given up all Pretensions to Industry, in pursuit of an imaginary Profit,

*If your Occasions be never so urgent for a Mercer, a Taylor, a Shoemaker, &c. they are no where to be met with but at
the*

THE PREFACE.

the Royal Exchange : If you Resort to any publick Office, or place of Business, the whole Enquiry is, How are the Stocks ? if you are at a Coffee-House, the only Conversation turns on the Stocks, even the Scandal of the Tea-Table is forgotten ; if you Repair to a Tavern, the edifying Subject (especially to a Philosopher) is the South-Sea Company ; if you wait on a Lady of Quality, you'll find her hastening to her House of Intelligence in Exchange-Alley ; and what is strange and wonderful, her very Dress, Diamond Shoe-Buckles and Garters, neglected for the Stocks.

Even Smocks are deposited to help make up the Security for Cash ; Jewels pawn'd to raise Money for the Purchase of Ruin—and, perhaps, Wives and Daughters have been Mortgaged for the very same purpose — To that Degree of Lunacy are the People of this Age arriv'd, that they'll be no where eased of the Burthen of their Cash, but in Exchange-Alley ; Twenty per Cent. is parted with for a bare Week's Loan of One Hundred Pounds, in Expectation

THE PREFACE.

tation of a Miser's gain; (tho' the Consequence be farther Loss;) and if Fame be not a great Calumniator, some Persons of Distinction have generously condescended to lay in Limbo their St—s and G—rs.

When these extraordinary Events are consider'd, and Women of the Town are become Dealers in the Stocks, Valets de Shambre, Footmen, and Porters, (as well as Merchants, Tradesmen, and Pick-pockets,) walk on the Exchange, and ride in their Coaches, at the same time some good natur'd Gentlemen have quitted them; Projectors successfully Bubble the Publick in all their Schemes; Sharpers leave their Gaming-Tables in Covent-Garden, for more profitable Business at Jonathan's Coffee-House; and even Poets commence Stock-Jobbers, it is high time to pronounce Exchange-Alley truly a FARCE.

P E R-



P E R S O N S.

Mississippi,	<i>A Merchant dealing in Stocks.</i>
Bite,	<i>A Stock-Jobber.</i>
Cheat-all,	<i>A Broker.</i>
Bubble,	<i>A Projector.</i>
Africanus,	<i>A new created Gen- tleman.</i>

W O M E N.

Miranda,	<i>Daughter to Missis- sippi.</i>
Busy,	<i>Her Maid.</i>
Crave-more,	<i>A Female Stock-Job- ber.</i>

Brokers, Subscribers, Priests, Poets,
Mountebanks, News Cryers, Prisoners,
Bears, Monkeys, &c.

E X.



EXCHANGE-ALLEY:

OR, THE

Stock-Jobber turn'd Gentleman, &c.

SCENE *Mississippi's Parlour,*

Enter Mississippi and Miranda.

Miss.  *FRICANUS* is a Gentleman worthy your Affections ; his Person is agreeable, his Behaviour engaging, and his Fortune One Hundred Thousand Pounds ; an Estate that has more Charms than the most beautiful and accomplish'd Lover on Earth.

B

Mir.

Mir. His Fortune I approve—but 'tis impossible he should assume the Gentleman.

Miss. Wealth alters a Man beyond Expression; if he were a Brute of that Climate from whence he has his Name, Money would effectually render him a Gentleman; the Quality would court him, Ladies admire him, and every Body pay him Obedience and Respect.

Mir. I can by no means be of your Opinion, Sir, but I shall never be wanting in the Duty of a Daughter to your Commands.

Miss. My Endeavours are always calculated for your Happiness—he'll maintain you like your self, and Love ye entirely.

Mir. That's more than I can say of him.

Miss. I'll repair to the Exchange, and bring him home with me from thence, that you may be personally convinc'd of the Alteration his encrease of Fortune has made upon him.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Busy.

Bus. O Lard! Madam, I've been a dream'd the strangest Dream to Night that ever was; methought, at the Request of your Father, a Thing came here to visit you so odly shap'd, that I never saw the Fellow of it—I took him at first to be a Man, afterwards a Brute; for he had a Skin representing that of a Beast, he walked on all four, and had a Tail of an uncommon Length——

Mir. Cease your Impertinence——this was certainly my Admirer recommended by my Father——

[*Aside.*

Bus. Then his Hair was so ruff, that I never handled any Thing like it in my Life——it did so prick me——

Mir. Let me have no more on't——this ungrateful Subject is very perplexing.

Bus. Lard!! Madam, my Dream was so remarkable, that I must proceed——I thought at last he rear'd up upon his hind Legs, begirt with a large *Militia* Sword round his Waste, and declared to the Company, that he was a Gentleman;

upon which I burst out into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and awaken'd from my Sleep.

Mir. Prognosticks with a Vengeance.— I am this Day to receive the Addresles of a Person that is indeed to wait upon me by the Appointment of my Father, who has long design'd him for his Son-in-Law; he has a plentiful Estate, but as to his Person I cannot commend it.

Bus. His Person is all, Madam,——I would not have a Fellow with a *Saracen's* Head, tho' he had the *Indies* for his Patrimony, nor be Wedded to a *Baboon* for a Coach and Six.

Mir. A Coach and Six is a great and powerful Temptation.

Bus. Not so great as a pretty Fellow—who can play with you, Dance w'ye, Romp w'ye, Kifs ye, and all that.

Mir. Money is every Thing, Child; 'twill get me Twenty pretty Fellows, and the Dotard be never the wiser; while he's counting over his Stocks, I can securely ramble Abroad, and enjoy myself with a splendid Equipage.

Bus.

Bus. Enjoy gilded Slavery ! [*Aside.*]
I presume be at other times really in
the Stocks——And I never yet heard of
a pair of Stocks, but a Whipping-post
was near,

Mir. You know I have no Necessity
for either Whip or Spur,

Bus. But perhaps he may of both——

Mir. Not at all, Child—He's a Man
of Mettle.

Bus. Metal you mean, which, tho'
never so Stiff, is soon melted down,

Mir. You are very free with me, Mrs.
Busy.

Bus. Not so free as your Ladyship
would be with this Monster of yours,
were you once coupled with him in
the State of Matrimony.

Mir. Perhaps you may think I should
do him the favour to make an Addition
to his Person.

Bus. Lard ! Madam, he only wants
some thing lofty and aspiring on his
Front to answer his Tail, and he'd be as
compleat as any M—ch—t in *Change-
Alley.*

Mir.

Mir. Your Impudence is very compleat, *Busy*.

Bus. Not so compleat as your Ladyship's Beauty.

Mir. This is worse than the other.

Bus. But not so bad as what's to come, if you are determin'd to Marry.

Mir. I am first to be Courted—and I must in and dress me to receive my preposterous Lover. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE Changes to an Anti-Chamber, with a Desk, Papers, &c. Bubble setting at it, reads a List of Projects,

Enter Cheat-all.

Bubb. **F**IRST an Infurance of Ships to the spacious World of the Moon—A Project for Building a Fleet of Flying Ships of the greatest Burthen—
An

An Insurance from Cuckoldom—Of
Maidenheads—Noses Insur'd from Fire
—Charter for the sole Property of the
Cleanings of Necessary Houses—And
for wiping Persons of both Sexes—
To furnish Rods to Flog the Universi-
ties Abroad—To make Hoop Petticoats—
To shew Bears, Monkies, and
Monsters—To make Hempen Halters—
I think this is an ample List of Projects,
Mr. *Cheat-all*.

Cheat. You're right ; but what will
be the certain depending Profit accruing
from these mighty Schemes ?

Bubb. Only as much as we can gen-
teelly get by Subscriptions—

Cheat. What will that amount to ?

Bubb. About Four or Five Millions—
A Sum which will make three or four Per-
sons very easy in their Circumstances.

Cheat. But I'm afraid of the Charter
for Halters, lest our own Necks should
first be deservedly slipt into the suffoca-
ting Noose.

Bubb.

Bubb. There's no Danger of that, my Dear, — I've a certain Charm will effectually gain the Consents of the Subscribers; and they'll be more forward to part with their Money, than we to receive it.

Cheat. What alluring Bait is that, my Dear?

Bubb. Only that of extraordinary Gain — a plausible Scheme for procuring them *Cent. per Cent.* is a Snare they have no Power to avoid — They'll deposit their Cash with Eagerness, and like the Dog in the Fable, catching at the Shadow, willingly Resign the Substance.

Cheat. I find by Experience you're a Man of Design.

Bubb. To convince you that I have already found Success — there's a Subscription for One Million I compleated last Week — For Five Hundred Thousand Pounds I have fill'd this Week, in one Day — And One Hundred Thousand Pounds in an Hour. (*Pulling out Papers.*)

Cheat.

Cheat. You are a Person of Business indeed—and uncommon Dispatch.

Bubb. I'll dispatch their Money old Boy—I shall now be no longer without those dear Companions, a Bottle and a Mistress; and I've already bespoke a Coach and Six, half a dozen Liveries, am treating for an Estate of Four Thousand Pounds a Year, and all at the Expence of the Publick——O here comes a set of my Subscribers for to Day!

Enter several Subscribers, of both Sexes.

1st Subsc. Sir, I'm come to Insure my Ship and Family to the World of the Moon——There's my Subscription——*(giving Bubble Money)* Is it a pleasant Country?

Bubb. The pleasantest Climate in the World, Sir; when I was last there, at *Christmas*, the Meadows were beautifully Green and Odoriferous, and the Corn almost in its full Perfection of Ripeness.

C

2d Subsc.

2d Subsc. There's my Subscription towards the Fleet of Flying Ships——
But how d'ye prepare the Wings, Mr. *Bubble* ?

Bubb. Dexterously, Sir, the Vessels are so finely and artificially Built, that the single Wing of a Goose is sufficient to waft them through the Air, with the Expedition of the swiftest Bird.

2d Subsc. Wonderful truly !——

3d Subsc. I've brought my Subscription, Mr. *Bubble*, to be Insur'd from Cuckoldom.

Bubb. You have it, without a Padlock.

4th Subsc. Sir, I live in the Hundreds of *Drury*, and as I am oftentimes oblig'd to comply with some modish Liberties, I would willingly preserve my Maiden Treasure by Insurance——There's my Subscription——

Bubb. It shall be safe, Child, as that of a Lady of Quality at a Masquerade.

5th Subsc. I'm come to Insure my Nose, Sir.

Bubb.

Bubb. It is secure, if you don't run it into the Fire.

6th Subsc. I am a Subscriber for the cleaning of Necessary Houses, Mr. *Bubble*—There's my Subscription; and, I hope, my Edifice will be clean.

Bubb. As that which sets on it.

7th Subsc. Sir, I am your Subscriber and Petitioner for the Office of chief Wiper to the Ladies.

Bubb. A handsome young Fellow—you shall have it.

8th Subsc. (A Woman!) There's my Subscription, but I expect the Place of Flogger-General to one of the Universities—

Bubb. You shall be invested in it, provided you Lash the brawny Priests lustily.

9th Subsc. I hope, Mr. *Bubble*, you'll permit me to be the shewer of the Bears, Monkeys, and Monsters.

Bubb. You shall expose all *Change-Alley*, Friend. (*Exeunt Subscribers.*) Now you can testify I'm a Man of Business, (*To Cheat-all.*)

Cheat. Of great Capacity truly——
I have no room to doubt Success from a
Man of your extraordinary Abilities,
and surprizing Conduct.

Bubb. I'll away, and effect my Measures
for the remaining *Soft-Heads*. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Cravemore.

Crave. Is your Name *Cheat-all*, Sir ?

Cheat. Yes, Madam, it is——

Crave. You're the Person I want——
pray how is Stock to Day ?

Cheat. Low at present, Madam.

Crave. But, I suppose, it will Rise a-
gain.

Cheat. And you crave More——

Crave. To tell ye the Truth, I should
not venture to commence *Stock-Jobber*,
were it not occasion'd by my mercenary
Spouse, who at this time allows me no-
thing for Pin-money——and alas ! I want
it, at least, every Day.

Cheat. I don't question it——and per-
haps he may not supply ye, at most, once
a Week.

Crave.

Crave. Will you buy me some Stock?

Cheat. Yes, Madam, whatever you please.

Crave. I give ye Commission to buy me One Thousand Pounds for to Morrow; if you get it at One Hundred, I'll allow you One *per Cent.* tho' I pawn my Jewels, Watch, and Tweezer Case, and every Thing else—for the Purchase.

Cheat. I'll do my best Endeavours, Madam —

Crave. Be sure remember me— [*Exit.*

Cheat. I will——Stock now Sells at Ninety—I'll put the Ten *per Cent.* in my Pocket—or if it rises before the coming of to Morrow beyond the Price limited, I'll then Transfer it as my own, and pretend I've been disappointed in the Buying——if it falls, the Loss is hers.

Enter several Strangers promiscuously to be instructed in Stock-Jobbing.

Cheat. Who are you, Sirs?

1st Strang. We're Gentlemen of divers sorts, come to wait on you for Instruction in the Business of the Stocks.

Cheat,

Cheat. What is your Profession, Sir ?

1st Strang. I am a L—d, Sir.

Cheat. You shall be well Instructed, Sir,
—thoroughly Cheated— [*Aside.*

2d Strang. Sir, I am a Gamester.

Cheat. Your Business and ours is the
same Friend.

3d Strang. My Profession is that of
an Attorney at Law.

Cheat. My good Brother—I'll take
care you shall have a Fellow-feeling.

4th Strang. I'm a Poet—and can Rhime
to *South-Sea*.

Cheat. Come to me an Hour hence,
and I'll put ye in the way—of being Bit
in Rhime. [*Aside.*

5th Strang. I am, by Profession, a
Mountebank, Sir.

Cheat. You've here a Stage, Sir ; our
Occupations vary but a little ; you
Murder the Man, we the Estate ; that's
all.

6th Strang. I am call'd the renown'd
Jack-Ketch, Esq;

Cheat. Here's great Business for you,
worthy Sir—Go along with me Gentle-
men,

men, and I'll give ye all ample Instructions. [Exeunt.]



SCENE Jonathan's Coffee-House, at the Exchange.

A great Croud and Bustle of People, several Brokers walking up and down, and crying.

1st Brok. *R*AM's Bubble.

2^d Brok. Bulls and Bears for to Morrow.

3^d Brok. Noses Insur'd—

4th Brok. Hempen Halters—who wants?—

Stock-job. What d'ye sell for?

4th Brok. Twenty per Cent.

Stock-job. You ask too dear.

4th Brok. Not at all, Sir—all this Company are to be Tried next S—ff—ns at the Old B—ly.

Stock-

Stock-Job. Ay!—I'll give you your Price—there's a Shilling earnest.

(*giving him Money.*)

5th Brok. Hoop Petticoat, Bubble—

2d Brok. Your Price for Hoop Petticoat?

5th Brok. Forty per Cent.

2d Brok. I'll give it, let me have all it covers.

5th Brok. You shall have it, Sir, to a Hair—

6th Brok. Flying Ships—who Buys?

Sev. Brok. We all Buy—how d'ye Sell?

6th Brok. One Hundred per Cent.

Sev. Brok. There's earnest.

News Cryers run a-crofs the end of the Room in great haste, tumbling one over another.

1st News Cr. News from France, Spain, and Italy.

2d News Cr. Great News from Rome—An Account of the Deaths and last Wills and Testaments of the Pope, and all his Cardinals.

3d News

3d News Cr. Great News!—good News from the North!—the *Czar of Muscovy* a Dying at his Capital of *Petersburgh*.

(*The Stock-Jobbers buy and talk merrily together.*)

Enter Bite and Mississipp.

Bite. Flying Ships, Gentlemen.

1st Brok. At what Rate?

Bite. One Hundred and Fifty *per Cent.*

—Don't ye hear the News?

1st Brok. You shall have it.

Miss. Flying Ships, Flying Ships—

2d Brok. Your Price?

Miss. One Hundred and Seventy-five *per Cent.*

2d Brok. I'll give it.

1st Brok. Flying Ships—Two Hundred *per Cent.* who Buys?

2d Brok. I do.

Miss. Who'll buy Flying Ship's Stock?

3d Brok. I will, at what Rate?

Miss. Three Hundred *per Cent.*

D

3d Brok.

3d Brok. There's earnest for Ten Thousand Pounds Stock—— (*giving Money.*)

Enter Cheat-all Singing.

*Some rise, and some fall,
The Devil and all,
All Fools here their Fortunes may try,
The Prospect is gain,
They ne'er can attain,
Like Gamesters at Hazard and Dy.*

*The Turk, and the Jew,
And Priests not a few,
The Country, the Town, and the Court;
Here Ladies and Peers,
And some without Ears,
To Cheat, and be Cheated resort.*

Cheat. Hoop Petticoat, Bubble, who gives Seventy-five per Cent?

1st Brok. I do.

2d Brok. I do——

3d Brok. I'll give One Hundred.

Cheat.

Cheat. You have it——Hempen Halters.

1st Brok. I'll Buy——your Price?

Cheat. Fifty per Cent.

1st Brok. I'll give it.

Other News Cryers run a-crofs the Room in Confusion.

1st News Cr. Great News from Muscovy!

2d News Cr. Great News!——The Czar of Muscovy's at Sea, with a Fleet of One Thousand Sail of first Rate Men of War.

3d News Cr. Strange News!—Strange and wonderful News!—A true and surprizing Account of a great and terrible Whale, that swallows up whole Fleets of Ships at Sea. (*The Stock-Jobbers immediately look dejected.*)

Miss. This is surprizing News indeed!

1st Broker. Flying Ships—who Buys?—

2d Brok. Flying Ships—Ships Flying—

3d Brok. Flying Ships, Infur'd from the Whale.

4th Brok. Flying Ships—will no Body buy?—

5th Brok. Flying Ships.

6th Brok. Hempen Halters—do none want 'em.

Cheat. What d'ye ask?

6th Brok. Forty per Cent.

Cheat. How much less—

6th Brok. What will you give?

Cheat. About Ten per Cent.

6th Brok. You shall have it—

Cheat. I'll give you Six.

6th Brok. 'Tis yours.

Cheat. It is going down so very fast, that I cannot afford to give above Three.

6th Brok. A Bargain—Flying Ships.

Miss. Your lowest Price?—

6th Brok. Two Hundred and Fifty per Cent.

Miss. Will you accept of One Hundred and Fifty?

6th Brok. Yes, Sir.

Miss. Will you take One Hundred?

6th Brok.

6th Brok. The Stock is yours at One Hundred.

Miss. I'll give about Fifty:

6th Brok. A Bargain.

Miss. No, I won't give beyond Twenty.

6th Brok. You have it at that Rate.

Enter more News Cryers in haste.

1st News Cr. Great News! Great News from Sea!

2d News Cr. Great News!—Good News!—The great Whale as swallowed up whole Fleets of Ships at Sea, is taken and slain.

(The Stock-Jobbers now look brisk upon it, and recover from their former Dejection.)

Miss. Flying Ships, Ships at Sea—

1st Brok. What d'ye ask?—

Miss. One Hundred *per Cent.*—the Danger's over.

1st Brok. You shall have it.

Bite. Hempen Halters—who Buys?

1st Brok.

1st Brok. } I do—I do—your Price, Sir?
2d Brok. }

Bite. Fifty per Cent.

2d Brok. Agreed—I spoke first.

Cheat. Hoop Petticoats—

3d Brok. What's your Price?

Cheat. One Hundred per Cent.

3d Brok. I'll have it.

Miss. Flying Ships—who gives Two Hundred?

1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Brok. We all do—

Miss. The Stock is yours, Gentlemen
 —I think Mr. *Cheat-all*, and Mr. *Bite*,
 we've done Business sufficient for to Day
 —I've got about Twenty Thousand
 Pounds—A good Days work—We'll
 go Home and enter our Contracts in or-
 der to the finishing of the Transfers on
 to Morrow.

Cheat. Agreed, Sir, [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to Mississipy's Parlour.*

Enter Miranda and Busy.

Mir. I Am now prepar'd for the Reception of *Africanus*, and the time is come my Father has appointed for his return from the *Exchange*, with this Monster intended for my Husband.

Bus. His Fortune, I am now convinc'd, renders him agreeable——And do you, think now, if I were Intitled to Ten Thousand Pounds, I should not be esteem'd a beautiful Maiden——Half that Money, Madam, would so metamorphose this precious Carcass of mine, that I should be a Toast of the Town ; and can't you allow *Africanus* with his Plumb to be tolerable.

Mir. He's intolerable with me, however, he may stand in the good Graces of others——

Bus.

Bus. Your Father, Madam, is resolv'd he shall Stand, and that you shall Love him ; and here they both come from the *Exchange.*

Enter Mississippi, and Africanus drest in the Skin of a Boar, upon all four, and a large Sword tied to his Waste.

Miss. Here's the Gentleman, Daughter ; I've brought him to pay his Respects t'ye.
(*Africanus nods his Head and Snout.*)

Mir. O Lard ! Sir, is this the Gentleman ? Pray, what Shape am I to assume to be fit to pair with such a Savage Brute ?

Afr. I am no Brute, but a Gentleman, Madam ; I bear for my Arms an Afs Rampant—I am worth One Hundred Thousand Pounds, and keep a Coach and Six.

Mir. I suppose your meaning is, that you are one of the Beasts that draw it.

Afr.

Afr. No!—I Ride in it, in great State, and have the Compliments of the Town where-ever I go—I am very compleat, Madam; and if you Eye me well, you'll discern something more than ordinary Genteel. (*Traversing the Room.*)

Mir. Ha—Ha—Ha—Genteel—pray repair to your Sty, Sir, and wallow genteelly in the Mire—No longer have Pretensions to a Coach and Six Horses.

Miss. You're too free with the Gentleman, Daughter; he has the most extensive good Nature, but you must not impose upon him.

Mir. You are not to impose upon me, Sir, at this Rate; is this your agreeable Gentleman——

Miss. If you're so Nice, that you can't entertain an Opinion of him—I've others to attend ye, that you may make your Election. O! they advance in Profession.

E

Enter

Enter other new Gentry, one in the covering of a Bear, another in an Ass's Skin, and a third a Monkey, each begirt with Swords, the Bear's on the contrary side.

Bear. Mr. *Mississippi*, your Servant—I am come with my Son to wait upon your Daughter.

Miss. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Mir. Who are you, pray Sir?

Bear. A Gentleman, Madam—and that gay young Spark is my Son, and your Admirer. (*Pointing to the Monkey.*)

Mir. How long have you been a Gentleman?

Bear. About a Week, Madam.

Mir. What were you before? And who do you succeed?

Bear. I was formerly, by Profession, one of those necessary Persons, call'd *Night-men*.

Mir. Ha, Ha—Great Advancement truly!

Bear.

Bear. I'm so much advanc'd, Madam ;
that I keep my Coach and Four, instead
of my Cart and Six——

Mir. To carry the same Goods, I pre-
sume—— *[Aside.*

Bear. And that fine young Gentleman,
my Son, has his Chariot and Pair.

(Looking on the Monkey.)

Mir. What was your Son before his
Promotion ?

Bear. He was a working Gentleman—
a *Journey-man Taylor.*

Mir. Ha, Ha—Ha—fine Gentlemen
indeed—— *(To the Ass.)* What are you
grave, Sir ?

Ass. A compleat, Gentleman ; may it
please your Ladyship—I am worth Two
Thousand Pounds in ready Cash ; but
for my Diversion, I sometimes follow the
Business of a *Pedlar.*

Mir. Pray how long time have you
been dignified as a Gentleman ?

Ass. Ever since the World began, Ma-
dam——I am of an ancient Family, and
no Upstart, I'll assure ye, tho' I honour
my new Brethren with my Company.

Miss. Don't ask so many impertinent Questions (*To Miranda*) the Son of Mr. *Bear* I design for your Husband, on your Refusal of the rich *Africanus*.

Mir. So if I don't like to Couple with one Brute, I must inevitably be tied to another; and that I mayn't want variety, you have judiciously furnish'd me with a Collection of all the Gentry from the *Desarts of Africa*.

Miss. They're *English* Gentry, Child; don't mistake them, and me—How d'ye like Mr. *Bear*, Jun.

Mir. Very well as a *Monkey*—tho' I think he has something of the Face of a *Beau*.

Miss. He is really a *Beau*—view him thoroughly, and it will plainly appear.

Mir. I like *Africanus* the better of the two—if I must be Married—to a Monster—

[*Aside.*

Miss. I'm pleas'd with this Confession.

Afr. I find you're a judicious Lady—we'll retire and prepare for our mutual Embraces,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE Changes.

Enter ! seven or eight Gentlemen with Swords by their Sides, in mean Habits, looking very miserable, Ruin'd by the Stocks ; a great many others follow them.

1st Gent. I'M undone—One Hundred Thousand Pounds I thought Yesterday my own ; to Day I can boast of Nothing.

2d Gent. I shall commence Lunatick ; I've just enough remaining to purchase a Halter ; I'll do it, and put a Period to this cursed Life.

3d Gent. O unhappy Mortals, subject to such Change of Fortune ! I'm at once stept from my Coach and Six, to the lowest Circumstances of Life—it distracts my very Soul—I cannot bear it—

(Draws his Sword, and Stabs himself.)

4th Gent.

4th Gent. I and my Posterity are become Beggars, by the Chance of one Day——Give me Poison! Any Thing to Dispatch me!

5th Gent. O hard is my Fate! —— Misery, Poverty, is my Doom——Where shall I go? Or what shall I do?

Re-enter Africanus, Miranda, Mississipi, Bite, &c.

Afr. These are the Gentlemen we succeed, Madam.

Mir. O! were you Genteel like them——then should I enjoy Felicity——Pray, Gentlemen, who are you?

Gent. all. We are unhappy Wretches, ruin'd and undone; compleat in Misery and Affliction.

Several Persons looking through a Grate, cry out, pray have Pity on the poor Prisoners.

Mir. What are those who cry out so vehemently, and seem truly to Merit the highest

highest Compassion?—What, has brought you hither?— (To the People.)

Pris. Stock-Jobbing, Stock-Jobbing, Madam ; the Publick Stocks —

Enter a great many Beggars.

Begg. Madam, I ask your Charity—I'm reduc'd from a handsome Subsistence, to this wretched State, in one fatal Hour,

Mir. What's the Occasion of it?

Begg. The Fall of the Stocks, Madam.

Mir. There's something for ye, to Relieve your Wants.

Miss. You're too generous, Daughter—They've been Ruin'd by their Folly.

Afr. These Objects are not long to be view'd with Pleasure—— We'll think of 'em no more, but Enjoy their Fortunes by magnificent Equipages, and luxurious Tables.

Miss. I'm

Mis. I'm sorry for their Misfortunes,
tho' of their own procuring.

*Thus Those are Wealthy who but dare to Cheat,
And many Miserable for one made Great.*

FINIS.

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